

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY,

The manner in which the constitutional sanction was obtained to the existence of war, it seems to us, is in the highest degree reprehensible. In the excitement and agitation with which the news of a Mexican attack filled Congress and the nation, the

manding the passage of a law recognizing the existence of war, with authority to raise fifty thousand men and expend ten millions of dollars. A proposition to *declare war*, was voted down instantly in the House, but this executive call for a *recognition of war*, the effect of which was precisely the same, was urged through with the impudent and slanderous declaration that even a patriot who demanded time to think of so dire a declaration, was a traitor, and a Mexican at heart. When Mr. Calhoun stood up in the dignity of a patriot Senator and declared his readiness to vote the appropriation and the men, extravagant as was the extent of the demand in this respect, but asked a day to consider the question of war, the proposal in both its parts was refused by the leaders, and in the rush of furious excitement, not men enough was found to hazard their personal popularity for their country's good, to control the desperate movement. If a week had been allowed for consideration, probably if but a day, we should have avoided a war, and Gen. Taylor's army, after having driven back the Mexicans to the other side of the river, would have reposed on their honors in a position much less perplexing than the one they now occupy. If the demand of the President had been limited to the five thousand men asked for by Gen. Taylor, how much better would our position have been. The denunciation of deliberation, what was for? Because it was foreseen that deliberation would defeat the declaration; and that Mr. Calhoun would have the honor of saving the country from two wars in one session of Congress. Thus, in mad defiance of all discretion, our commerce and all our interests was stripped of the protection of peace, subjected to the laws of war, and placed in a position from which it will require the co-operation of our enemy to extricate us; for nothing but our agreement to a Treaty of Peace can perfectly repeal that act of our Congress. It seems to us that the nation should raise its voice in stern reproof of such a procedure, and put a mar-

upon the man who brought it about, which will caution future Administrations against pressing the most momentous of all questions which can ever be submitted to Congress, through the two Houses, without time to be certain as to facts, and to deliberate calmly on their proper consequences.

There is a strange circumstance at the basis of both controversies in which we have recently been engaged, viz. that there was no possible good to be obtained by war, nor by a domineering diplomacy, which would not have been better obtained by peace. In the case of Mexico, we demand two things : a settlement of boundary, and the payment of indemnity. If we would be quiet, our boundary would settle itself by the force of destiny, more resistless than our armies, and give us more than we can hope or ask for in arms. As to indemnity, we are spending vast sums of good money in pursuit of much smaller sums of bad. We are hoping that the inability of our debtor to pay his current expenses, will compel him to agree to pay our debt. We impoverish him and ourselves, we throw away more than the debt, in rendering him hopelessly unable to pay. What, under such circumstances, can we hope for? What do we intend? Why, obviously, to compel him to *sell* us California, in payment of the debt;—we giving him money to boot,—when that same California we should, in better time, have

gained for nothing, and perhaps have collected our indemnity besides. Turn which way we will, therefore; let our fleets and armies be as valiant as they may; inevitable defeat and disgrace are in the very nature of the case before us. The whole affair must come to just such a result as would have ensued had we invaded and conquered Texas ten years ago, and compelled Mexico to give Texas up to us, for her and five or ten millions of new dollars to be paid by us. Here then are we in a most perplexing dilemma. Our little army has covered itself with honor, but not under the declaration of war, nor after the invasion of Mexico. Under this declaration of war we have invaded no country, and blockaded her ports. We have cut off her trade with all the world, and with ourselves among the rest. Now resting in a quandary, we perform such an exploit as opening the port of Matamoras to yankee notions, in despite of Mexican revenue laws, hoping, by showing that free trade makes cheap goods, to corrupt the people into rebellion,—not telling them that the same vicious policy prevails here. This singular blockade, to establish free intercourse, we hope to carry into all the ports of our enemy's coast. We look also wishfully for another revolution in Mexico, which will put some one at the head of affairs who will help us out of the scrape; and we proclaim to Mexican aspirants, through our government newspaper, that we war only "against the *war party* in Mexico;" thus rendering the United States an appendage to an opposition faction in our enemy's councils. California we can invade without waiting for factions to help us. In her boundless wilds there are, in truth, but few people, and no man to make factions. In resistance to our march we maintain a small force, and our army is bravely marching, therefore, upon Santa Fe, which, to our amazement, we find belongs to us; or at least, that consistency compels us to *say so*, because it is on the left bank of the same Brave river, which was the boundary of the Texian declaration. If Yucatan could only be brought to declare her independence, making the same river the Northern boundary of her declaration, why then, by annexing Yucatan, we should hold all Mexico by the same sort of title under which we claim Santa Fe. But this claim is in contradiction to that upon which we rely in treating with Texas, viz., that she has for years maintained her independence and governed herself. Santa Fe has never maintained its declared its independence for an hour; it

Sundry collateral reasons, we know, are urged for continuing the war, showing rather, that direct reasons are wanting. It is said that the war will extend civilization and liberty, break down the oppression of hierarchy, and especially of military despotism. But these are such reasons of benevolence as the ambitious destroyers of our race have always been ready to urge. The people of Mexico have a right to manage their own affairs, and be miserable until they can furnish among themselves the men who are necessary for their deliverance. It would be a strange assumption, that the United States are obliged to set up schools for the catholic governments of South America, and compel them to be educated and reformed. The task would be more perplexing than the famous obligation to provide the "balance of power" in Europe, which has cost us so much blood and treasure. Besides, like all other possible objects of the war, these are much better accomplished by peace. The mission of the United States among the nations is one of reason, of intellect, of morals. It can only be accomplished in peace. Where peace prevails, reason extends her sway and truth advances in her conquests. But war substitutes force for reason, violence for kindness, and turns back the hopes of philanthropy and religion. War has been the curse of mankind; and this detestable Mexican war is the present curse and shame of these two nations, and especially of the United States, as most enlightened. Our influence will bless Mexico, if it is exerted peacefully. The Bible men will, by and by, reach the Mexican border in the tide of their emigration, and flow over and over again upon the people, carrying their intelligence with them; before that the Mexicans must be reformed by the Americans like the aboriginal races of America, or the negroes of the free States. Americanism is a principle, not a locality. Whoever adopts our principles is an American in the best sense, wherever he may dwell. The great American principles of liberty and individual right will give us the Rio Grande, nor stop there, but go on to conquer all Mexico, and all the nations of America; whether to be added to our Union or not is comparatively of little or

EMIGRATION INTO VIRGINIA.—The emigration from Western New York, and the New England States into the northern part of Virginia is very large. Fairfax county is coming fast into the possession of settlers like these. Other portions of the State are also likely to be rescued in a similar manner. "It is a singular spectacle," says the Richmond Republic, "which Virginia now presents: the departure of her own people to other lands, and the immigration into her borders of citizens from other States. For years has she been drained of the flower of her youthful population, leaving their place to be supplied by whom seem to place a higher value upon the advantages which they have surrendered."

GEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN.—In this life Christians must not only expect to *eat* of God's will, but also to *suffer* it; and

The great problem for the Christian world now to accomplish is, to effect a closer union between religion and politics. They have too long been estranged and in variance. There is a sort of division of labor in society, which is anything but satisfactory and encouraging. We have one class of men to carry on government another to transact the common business of life, and another to do our religion and morality. There are three men at the helm, and two of them are not good, and our good men are not wise. I make this as a general remark, subject, of course, to exceptions and qualifications. The wise men of our country are not spiritually minded. They are engrossed in the pursuit of wealth, of professional and political success; they are engrossed in developing the industrial resources of the country, and adding to it its material wealth. The ends they pursue are not high, but

Look back over the career of nine-tenths of the rich men among us, and you will find they commenced life as poor men and laid the foundations of their fortune by saving a portion of the scanty proceeds of their daily toil. *Afterwards*, they were enabled to procure property more rapidly by the help of that they acquired, but they began with little savings, and could never have succeeded otherwise. We are not holding up these men as models for imitation—we regard the ambition to heap up riches as grovelling and despicable. But a few men can be truly independent or great, unless with some property, and no man can innocently take upon himself the

**TRIAL OF DR. KING.**—This distinguished missionary of the American Board at Athens, in reference to his approaching trial for publishing inflammatory tracts, said that his attorneys, designed to show that the Virgin Mary ought not to be crucified, and that she should have been kept in the ark, shipped, and for which his life has been for some months in jeopardy,—says, that though he should be aided by able counsel, he expected to plead his own case. "I feel," he said, "that I am not to be unfairly dealt on the subjects in relation to which I am arraigned. Sometimes I think there may be a little danger from the crowd which may be assembled on that occasion, but I trust the Lord will hitherto protect, strengthen, and protect me; and I trust he will still protect me."

This trial will probably have an important bearing, not only on the operations of Mr. King, but on the cause of religious liberty in Greece.

**MISSIONARY MEETING.**—A farewell missionary meeting was held on Tuesday evening at the First Presbyterian Church in New York. Fourteen missionaries were present, who are about to depart to their fields of labor. Seven go to India, three to Siam, and four to China.

**ROMANISM AT HOME.**—According to the last publication of the Roman hierarchy, there are cardinals and prelates in Rome, the seat of popery, 1,624 secular priests, 2,649 monks, 1,550 nuns, making the total of 5,993, in one not very large city.











## Visit to Cincinnati—Sights seen there—Prosperity of, and the Cause of it—Kentucky.

I'll play the fool no longer. I have been stark blind when I thought you stark mad. I know not how you feel now; but I am as one whose eyes are just opened, and I look upon a new world.

I love Kentucky. There is not a spot in her, or about her, that I don't cling to with a woman's affection; and I was crazy enough—fool enough—to join in the hue and cry about you, because I thought you against Kentucky. Heaven forgive me; I know you will. You were wrong in many things, as I believe, but right at heart and right in aim, and I go for you now as openly and fearlessly as I went against you before.

The Lexington mob first turned me. I hate despotism. See how men cringe before it. See how it dwarfs them. Not a press in old Kentucky, where men vote openly, talk openly, and bear themselves bravely, that ventures to resist it. Shame! Shame! Even the Journal cries *peccati*, and thinks this not the time for discussion! Why where would these editors have been when Columbus in Spain saw, in vision, the new continent, and claimed the means from his government to go and find it? Against him, as they would have been against every reformer from Luther to the present day. Not the time! Where my State's interests are concerned—where the interest of the people is at stake, not now only is the time for action. Let who will huddle, and hesitate, and dodge, I will not. I am for Kentucky; the whole of Kentucky; for all her people—for the greatest good of the greatest number; and, therefore, I am for law, the freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, and for gradual emancipation.

Another thing has clinched me. Here I am, in Cincinnati. From my window I see the hills of Kentucky; bold, lofty and beautiful: but go to them, and nature only blooms—not man—the rich soil tells from its native growth what may come out of it; but it is unfilled by human hands. And from them cast your eyes upon Ohio, and what life, what energy, what progress you behold! Barren hills-tops subdued and made rich; glens teeming with life; plains all astir with industry and prosperity; and yet few owning more than fifty acres apiece! Why this difference? I tell you I could not shut my eyes to the fact. *Slavery is the cause.* Out with the fet, for it is so! That keeps Kentucky down. But she shall not be kept down; she shall lag behind; so let us join in ridding her of this cause, and in putting her in a position worthy her name and her pride.

I am in Broadway. My window opens south. I hear the hiss of steam, the clamor of machinery, and the eternal din of human industry. Clatter! clatter! Hiss! hiss! Buzz! buzz! Tireless—ceaseless—they go on as if there were no rest here for machinery or man. And I have gone abroad and looked into shops, and furnaces, and manufactories, and mechanical establishments, and seen with my own eyes why Cincinnati—why Ohio—stands where they are—and why Louisville—why Kentucky—stands where they do. *The labor.* There is the secret. *'Tis voluntary labor that does it all.* That makes the difference. That sets Cincinnati away ahead of Louisville and makes Ohio distance Kentucky. And shall we not see it? Shall we bite the nose off our faces, and cry "we won't examine—we won't discuss—we won't do anything because a set of fanatics abroad roar against slavery; or a set of fanatics at home roar for it?" I go for my own interest—I go for the interest of Kentucky—and I go, THEREFORE, AGAINST SLAVERY.

I went up, with a friend, to one of these Cincinnati factories. The owner of it is a man every inch of him. He looked to me—his face was blackened with soot and sweat; and his hands roughened with labor; but his large full eye—his lofty brow—his strong frame—and his directness of speech—assured me, at once, who and what he was; and he has two hundred and fifty hands under his employ! But no matter about him—the self made. Enter that room; you see a dozen or more workmen; they are all busy. But stop and speak to one of them; don't fear; speak; how ready and intelligent his answer; he is well informed, and knows what to say, and when to say it. Go now into the room adjoining. It is darker, and there is harder work apparently. The men look blacker; they don't notice you, and you fear to disturb them. But there! one looks up—speak! How very intelligent he is; how clear his explanations. And more than half of these hands are married! What a little village this one establishment supports! I hear that near two thousand souls, a fourth of the population of Lexington, are dependent on this factory.

"Why can't we have such establishments in Kentucky?" I asked the proprietor. "We have water power, and every thing else necessary."

"Whites and slaves work together," he replied, "Whites work where there are slaves. Labor to be effective and honorable must be free."

"But," resumed I, "we can work our slaves."

"It won't do," he rejoined. "Manufacturing labor must be intelligent. Then you have to whip slaves to make them do what you want, and when done, it is not well done. No safety either. One bad slave, whether for revenge or out of laziness, may destroy in one night all your buildings. Free labor is the only paying labor—it is the only safe labor."

I said no more; for I felt what he said to be true, every word of it. But never mind this conversation. I want to follow up these laborers—I want to see and know all about them—for they are the State. So I said to my friend, "do you

know where any of them live?" "I do," he said, "I will go with you, and I will go into their houses," I continued. "Nothing easier. Come on," replied my friend, "and I will make an appointment for you," and so we entered the first room, and I was introduced to several of the workmen, and told what I wanted, and at noon, I agreed to visit them. Well—I am there. And neatness, comfort, and abundance are to be seen all around me! They are well off; they are independent; they are happy. For they are confident in the manufactory and loved at home, and have enough and to spare. Say you I saw exceptions? Friends, Kentuckians, I visited four or five of the workmen's houses, and in all—aye, in all—there was every comfort man or woman could desire.

Nor did I stop here. Satisfied of the well doing and well being of the laborers—I desired yet more to know what was their social position and the prospects of their families and children. I said so to my friend. "No difficulty," replied he. And he takes down the names of children, and asks, "Will you be at school to-morrow?" To-morrow is here, and at ten I am waited upon. Now for the Free Schools. We dash away, and soon arrive at the School House. Pause. For the building is a fine one, and has a neat garden in front—it is a temple dedicated to Freedom! Satisfied—delighted—with this out-door gaze, we enter. "There," said my friend—"these are the girls we saw yesterday—and these and these," entering different rooms, "are the boys." They were examined. They read—were put to the black board—recited, &c. The picture was complete. And it was a glorious one to gaze upon and to imitate.

Fathers in Cincinnati toil cheerfully because it is honorable for them to make their living by the sweat of their brow; they are content because their homes are made glad by warm and loving hearts; and they are happy because their boys and girls are well educated, and are destined to take their station by the side, or before the richest and proudest in the land; and thus with small farms without the city, and small capital within, through voluntary labor, and industry, Cincinnati and Ohio are becoming great, intelligent, happy and powerful.

The cause! The cause! I repeat it, friends! FREEDOM. Yes, Kentuckians, FREE LABOR AND NOTHING ELSE DOES IT ALL. I never saw it before. But here it is plain as the sun in the heavens! and if you look at it you can help seeing it; the thickest film will fall from your eyes if you but gaze upon it. Do you own slaves? So do I; they are nearly my all. But I say, let's get clear of them, and substitute in their stead voluntary labor. It is our only salvation. It would be better for me and my children—for you and your children—for the State. Don't you own any? Then in God's name work—work day and night—that you and yours may be, and do, and live like these free workmen of Cincinnati. Make labor honorable by making it free. Make your boys men by letting them know the blessings of an honest independent toil. Never mind your politicians! Never mind your Editors! Never mind your lords, brow-beating aristocrats! Never mind the cry about abolitionists! Do what your hearts tell you is right. Like me shake off prejudices, and for the sake of Kentucky, that we all love, for the sake of our wives and children, dearer to us than life, let us resolve to make KENTUCKY FREE.

## ITEMS.

In Middle town the people are becoming quite excited on the subject of building a Branch road to intersect the Cincinnati and New Haven rail road. They held a meeting on Saturday, the result of which we have not heard. They could not have a better time to carry out this plan than the present one. It is well heated, let them strike!—*Harford Current.*

The valuable cement used in the south of France for grafting trees, is said to be made of equal parts of train oil and rosin melted together and applied to grafts with a painter's brush.

ANALYSIS.—A specimen has been sent to our office of the fruit of the *Malus domestica* tree, which is an orchard in Cabus, near Gering. This variety is highly deserving of being more cultivated; it is a good bearer, and large, keeps well over winter, and is of great value in seasons when no other is to be had for tarts or sauce.—*Preston Chronicle.*

CHINA.—The Roman Catholic Religion, it would seem by a Bampton letter in the Sun, is the only form of Christianity actually tolerated in the empire. In China Keying's memorial to the Emperor (ratified by the latter) as published in the Sun, recognizes the Roman Catholic Religion only, and excludes all other Missionaries, American or English, from the empire. China, should French Consul French subjects ever deem it necessary to favor that empire for pecuniary, political, or sectarian purposes.

STRAWBERRIES.—We received last evening from Alden Sibby, Esq. of Pawtucket, a box of large and delicious strawberries, gathered yesterday morning from vines of the growth this season, the first crop of fruit had been gathered.—*Bedford Gazette.*

On Saturday Mr. Junius S. Morgan of this city brought to our office a bundle of Irish Strawberries of large size, which grew on vines like those noticed above Mr. M. informed us that he also moved his vines last year, and that in consequence they yielded this season was trebled.—*Harford Current.*

The Nashville Union of the 16th inst., says: On Thursday a duel was fought in the vicinity of this city, between Mr. G. Alexander Ramsey and Mr. Augustus McGraw, with pistols. At the second shot both parties were wounded. Ramsey in the abdomen, and McGraw under the left eye.

We are happy to state that Mr. John B. Gough is better to day than he was last week, when he had been seriously ill with cold and influenza, and particularly quiet, his restoration to health is more encouraging than it has been. His physician is unwilling for him to see company at present.—*Paterson Journal.*

REMAINS OF MRS. GILSON FETTER.—The remains of Mrs. Gilson, of Schenectady, one of the Passengers lost in the Steamboat Swallow, were discovered the day before yesterday, two miles below Athens, and through in a state of decomposition they were identified by a Watch with her name in it. The money she had with her was also found. The watch was stopped at 10 minutes past 8; which was about the time the boat sank.—*Id.*

BUCKWHEAT.—The Poughkeepsie Journal says, that contrary to its apprehensions to which the drought of the season had given rise, the Buckwheat crop in Dutchess, Ulster and Orange counties is uncommonly good. Similar information given for other quarters.

Governor's Island.—This beautiful island in Boston harbor has been purchased by the United States Government of Henry G. Andrews, of this city.

Snow to a considerable depth now covers the Catskill Mountains. The weather in that vicinity is decidedly wintry.

Dr. Humphrey, late President of Amherst College, has purchased a dwelling in Pittsfield, and intends to become a resident of that village.

A NEW FETTER IN THE CATTLE SHOW.—At the recent Agricultural Fair in Burlington, Vermont, Mr. La Chase presented for premium three pretty female children two and a half years old, born at a birth. The committee on Household Manufactures awarded him \$14— which was voluntarily contributed by the old bachelors present, who said they considered him a legitimate object of charity.

A DEATH INCIDENT.—Today, the mortal remains of Mrs. Hannah Gough (who died on Sunday, aged 100 years 11 months and 15 days), are to be interred. Mr. Gough was in possession of her faculties until the last moment. She had seen and conversed with every President of the United States.—*N. Y. Paper.*

More than 8000 bushels of potatoes of this fall's gathering, have been carried over the Worcester Railroad to Boston, says the Springfield Republican.

QUEBEC AND HALIFAX.—A public meeting is taking place in the City of Quebec, for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessity of measures to bring forward the proposed Rail Road between that city and Halifax. A meeting for the same object has been held in Halifax.

A REAR'S NOTION OF PROSPERITY.—A friend from New Hampshire recently, informs us of a singular fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed in any work on natural history. His residence is so deep in the country, that the bears frequently make a visit to his pasture, and help themselves to the hay. The notable fact is that whenever he strips the skin off, clean and whole, and after eating the carcass and picking the bones, wraps the latter all up neatly in the skin and leaves them.—*Salem Gazette.*

## HORTICULTURE.

### Pleasures of Horticulture.

This delightful branch of art cultivates herbs for pharmacy, delicate and nutritious vegetables for the table, orchards and vineyards for their delicious fruits, bees for their honey and wax, forest and ornamental trees for their uses in ship and house building, and lastly, flowers to regale the senses. This is the occupation that gives vigour to the body, and serenity to the mind. It is a pursuit that places a man above his fellows—for the broad and living canals—the ships and warehouses of commerce—the compact ranges of manufactories—the folios of science—the achievements of genius—do not so much perpetuate a man's fame to posterity, as the noble trees he has planted, which, receiving their sustenance from heaven, and their health from man's care, scatter their abundance and usefulness over the whole earth.

Let him who is engaged in the rearing of commerce, see in what frame of mind his eyes close in sleep, and what are the anxieties of his waking hours.

Let the manufacturer toll of his feverish dreams by night, and his dyspeptic systems by day. Let the literary man expose the ills to which the studios are liable from lassitude of body and irritation of mind. Let the professional man desecrate on unjust preferences, and on the tardiness of rewards. Let the artist speak of envy, jealousy, and want of patronage. Let science, too, open the laboratory, and show the hydra with which she has to contend. Trace them all through their labours, their pleasures, and their perils; pursue them through crowded streets, the deleterious effluvia of gutters, the propinquity of vice, the contagion of diseases, the ringing of fire-bells, of carts, banks, horse companies, exchange offices, eating houses, omnibus stages, and worst of all, idle children! Look at all this—follow these men—look at their daily walks and occupations—and then turn to the horticulturist.

Follow him to his repose at night—tranquil, and refreshing. No incubus, in the shape of a protested note, takes away his breath. No nightmare, in the form of a printing devil, rides through his brain. His dreams are not harassed by thieves that rob the vaults, the keys of which are to the wists of the cashier for safety.

No willow, no look catches him in the waistband and thrusts him into the machinery that he may be crushed, or dashed to pieces by the fall, while, entering the action to the feverish thought, he bounces down in the bed, awakened by the dislocating shock with the horrid reality of having fallen! He dreams none of this. His midnight fancies, like the true scenes of the day, are through green fields and blooming orchards. He still hears the music of birds, the hum of bees, the murmuring of brooks, the joyous laugh of children, the whistle of the gardener, the tender voice of his wife, and he awakens—gratified and refreshed—only to a continuation of the same pleasures.

Yes, he awakens only to feel more strongly the fresh breeze of the morning, and the aroma of a thousand plants which shed their fragrance more freely before sunrise. He walks out amongst his contented laborers, and encourages them by his kindness—all within is peace and gratitude, and a well regulated respect welcome to him to partake of its whole-heartedness and deliciousness. All this he enjoys from the consciousness that he is the work of his own hand. And, above all, comes the thought that, unlike those who follow other occupations, he has but one master—one who, asking nothing for himself, gives all that is required of him—bright sunshine, soft falling showers, winds that drive away pestilence, lightnings that purify the air, cold that rests the tired soil, health, and a grateful spirit, which enables him to perceive and enjoy all these blessings.

Such a man—and there are many such—would not exchange one of the tranquil hours of twilight, when the deep shade falls, for all the fictitious sentiment and brilliant display of a ball room, or a convivial party. He can, at once, commune with higher powers, and, in every succeeding year, as the shadows of evening draw in more closely on his fading vision, and external sounds fall more faintly on his ear, his nature will approximate more to the simplicity and purity of innocence.

No painful retrospect of duties neglected, of broken faith, of sanguinary battles, no fears of the deep curse which rests on him who has injured the widow and the fatherless disturb the evening of his days. Rather than have the fame and expire like poor Napoleon, with "tete d'armee" upon his lips, he would prefer the happy style of the good Abbott Boniface, who, raising his feeble eye to the falling dew, exclaimed, "What a fine dropping morning for the early collector."—*American Quarterly Review*, vol. XXI, page 366.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS THROUGHOUT THE WINTER.—Pick the flowers when half blown, and place them in a closely covered earthen vessel, dipping them in equal quantities of water and verjuice, mixed with a small quantity of bay salt. The vessel must be kept closed, and in a warm place; and then, in the coldest day of winter the flowers be taken out, washed in cold water, and held before a gentle fire, they will open as if in their usual bloom.

## AGRICULTURE.

### Agriculture and Commerce.

We are indebted for the following facts to the third of the very valuable Lectures now delivering in Clinton Hall by Professor Wines, on the Institutions and General Policy of the Hebrew Commonwealth:

"A main cause of this over-valuation of commerce as compared with agricultural pursuits, I imagine to be this, that the gains of commerce lie much more upon the surface, and are more open to the scrutiny and apprehension of the mass of observers, while those of agriculture, on the contrary, are of a more retiring nature, and seldom obtrude themselves on public notice. It will not therefore be deemed impertinent, nor, I hope, altogether uninteresting, to enter a little into this question, with the view of showing the superior importance of the cultivation of the earth, and so of vindicating the wisdom of Moses, in founding upon it alone his policy. Great Britain is decidedly the most commercial nation on the globe. Her trade with the United States is nearly two-fold that which she carries on with any other country. And yet what think you the entire annual movement of this commerce both ways amounts to? About as much as the value of the annual crop of oats and beans in the former country. The whole foreign commerce of Great Britain, in pursuit of which she overshadows the ocean with her fleets, and plants her colonies in the most distant islands, is actually less in value than the annual grass crop in the British islands. The bread stuffs annually extracted from our own soil amount to more than 800,000,000 bushels and their value is almost triple that of the aggregate exports and imports of the whole country. Our grass crop is worth \$150,000,000, which is just twice the value of all our exports to foreign countries. The annual Indian crop of Tennessee and Kentucky alone amounts to more than 125,000,000 bushels, and fully equals in worth our exports to Great Britain and France, which constitute the bulk of all we part with to foreign countries. And what is not a little remarkable, the corn crop of these two States is precisely equal in value to the entire cotton crop grown in all the States and Territories of the Union. Yet there are not wanting, in certain quarters, writers and orators who style themselves statesmen and political economists, in whose estimation cotton is the one great interest of the country, and who imagine that now, as elsewhere at New Orleans, cotton bags constitute the chief defence of the entire public prosperity and welfare. How false and deceptive are all such ideas! Why, the agricultural production of the United States, the cotton crop of New York alone exceeds by several millions the whole cotton crop of the United States."

The annexed poetic Report was read before a committee, after the late Cattle Show at Pittsfield:

### ON SWINE.

The Committee on Porks, to whose gracious care, We refer all the merits of Pigs at the Fair, Viewing the subject of graven timber, Beg leave, to your body, in rhyme, to Report:

With sincere satisfaction your committee have given On those fine, noble natives old Berkshire we raise, On the size most Herculean, to which our pigs And the dignified bearing with which, in each pen, The occupants snuff! at remarks from the men; Each one with patience, of jokes, the whole brood, And uttering only a half suppressed grunt, They thought with good reason, how famed hogs If but once they could get a *swine-jubilee*.

That, though to our swine friends, has been denied reason, There are facts enough furnished to make a strong case, That, by ties more than one, they're allied to our race.

Take your Grunter, for instance, your Alderman Hog, Who waxes, takes his dinner, and sleeps like a log, What else, his good sir, with his guffaws and groans, But a very respectable Justice of the Peace.

Take your lean yearling, Moos, neither dirty nor greasy, Who will snap up all cases, and never is easy, Who want not your yard, your garden, your orchard will see, He's a newly fledged lawyer; just list to his squeal!

In love and affection who dares to vie With the kind, nursing mother, whose home is his nest, Like the human Corolla, how well may she say, When asked for her jewels, "see them yonder at play!"

And the Fox dies of envy, to see his hair fall In the ringlets the young boar wears in his tail, And this dignified plump into the bowers of his fair, Without either strutting, song, or guitar, The dandy exclaims "this is demitison fine, O! for the curls in the tail of that swine!"

There's scarce a profession our swine would not fill, From a state down to making a pill; 'Tis adversity's fire that pure gold must abide, And of all things the hog is most thoroughly tried.

Then, too, when the side of pork is cut up and cured, And the shoulders and hams in the smoke-house are stowed, Nought is left but the head that's allied to our race, Once baked it, 'tis what? why a minister's face.

As the world has been blessed by the writings of men, So to swine are we helden for gifts of the pen; And when off the hog shuffles his own mortal coil, The world is still lighter with thought of Lord Oil.

As to blood and to breed, without any jest, That hog, like a government, always is best, And the swine that are good, more and more, To round off the pork barrel plumpies and fust.

Your chairman once purchased some fine Berkshire pigs, At their exquisite beauty he often danced jigs; When he killed them and called for side pork in the lump, They turned now the cold shoulers and now the round rump.

It has long been a point, in all circles much mooted, To which side in politics hogs are best suited, Some have Democrats, called them; some, Whigs, in pretence;

All agree they are seldom found perched on the fence, For they found it characteristic of swine, To be sovereign at all times, independent in mind, And in spite of the owner, his whip or his dog, To be sure they're contrary, then go the whole hog.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER. "Stand out of my way," said a rough voice under my window, one day as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings.

"Your honor will please recollect," replied a sharp but somewhat indignant voice, "I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself." "And am a banker," was retorted still more angrily. Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld two tizens in a position which a pugilist could denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a pursu-

suit, lordly mannered man, apparently in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hoghead; the other ragged and dirty, but an equally important and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances it would have puzzled the most profound M.D. which of their rotundities was stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a little bespeaking something of humor, and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and rigid, and his antagonist, and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tons and said, "How will you make right appear?" said the beggar, "Why listen a moment, and I will teach you. In the first place do you take notice. God has given me a soul and a body just as good for all the purposes of eating, thinking and drinking, and taking my pleasure as he has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus as we pass. Then, again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality—for you must know that here on a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master; are equally free; and live equally easy; are both traveling the same journey; bound to the same place; and have both to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between the beggar and a banker?" "Not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a year, perhaps—I make shillings, perhaps; if you are contented, I am—we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in my old ones, and have no trouble to keep them from soiling; if I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip in a word edgeways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?" "The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt—you have, perhaps, the one, and I share of the other. We are matched there, too. And besides, the world deals in this matter, equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs me more pains to maintain you than it does me—I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture anything useful; we, therefore, add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers, and if the world judge with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passer-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated apparently good friends, and I drew in my head ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play, "Is there no difference between the beggar and the banker?"

But several years have since passed away, and now both these persons have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a beggar and the other a banker. I examined both their graves when I next visited the city. They were of a similar length and breadth—their coffins equally good and each and then looked as pleasantly on one as on the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights, clustered round the grave of the rich man. They were both equally deserted, lonely, and forgotten! I thought, too, of the destinies that had passed; of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not; temporal honors are regarded not. Where pride and all the circumstances which surround this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared, indeed, as an atom in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

## To the Commercial and Business Community.

We, the undersigned, (pupils of R. M. Bartlett's) practical accountants and book-keepers in the city of Cincinnati, feel it no less a duty than a pleasure, at all times to encourage and reward merit, and particularly in that department which gives to us a livelihood. We refer to the Science of Accounts, and the Art of Double Entry Book-keeping. The importance of these accomplishments is now acknowledged by all, and still there are comparatively few in any community, who are thoroughly masters of the whole subject. Knowing, as we do, that a practical knowledge of the science of Double Entry Book-keeping can be obtained only from a practical instructor, we would, therefore, recommend to those persons who desire to study the art of keeping books practically, &c. &c., to the unrivaled, well known, and long tried establishment, R. M. BARTLETT'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, southeast corner of Main and Fourth streets, Cincinnati.

Nor can we find more appropriate language to express our ideas, than that adopted by Mr. B. himself, in his late advertisement. His course of instruction of making his pupils mere copyists transcribers and imitators, his course is entirely practical, with each individual, from the commencement. For each pupil is required to proceed step by step, as if actually in the counting room of an extensive commercial house, receiving from the lips and hands of the principal himself, from hour to hour—item after item as they naturally occur in the business transactions of the day, week, month and year.

"Upon this plan there is no evasion or dodging the question—no parrot-like responses—no transcribing and imitating the accounts of others, without personal mental effort—but through every stage of his progress, the learner is compelled to think and act for himself, and on his own responsibility; and that, too, upon the spur of the occasion, for when the principal says to his clerk do this or that, there is no time for studying the art of Book-keeping, the duty must be done instantly; and when afterwards called upon to render an account of his stewardship, he must be prepared to do it, without hesitation or doubting, and this none can do, except they build upon the rock of science, against which the shafts of Quackery can never prevail.

"Each pupil, upon the completion of his course, will undergo a public or private examination (as he chooses). If found worthy he will receive a diploma that will not be questioned or treated with disrespect, wherever the fluctuations of life may cast his lot in any other country."

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Charles G. Layart, Book-keeper for Gordon & Phipps, Pork Merchant, Broadway and Canal Basin.

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William Beech, Book-keeper for the Franklin Foundry, Front st.

Wm. P. Devou, Book-keeper for Jno. Cochran & Co., Wholesale Dealers in Laces, &c., No. 14 W. Fourth st.

John D. Minor, Book-keeper for Thomas Minor & Co., Wholesale Grocers, No. 50 Main st.

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Wm. S. Aldrich, Book-keeper for Collier & Aldrich, Com. Merchants, No. 31 Sycamore street.

E. R. Perry, Book-keeper for S. B. Bardall, Wholesale Boot and Shoe Dealer, opposite Henry House.

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S. Easton, Book-keeper for S. & E. Easton, Leather and Shoe Finding Business, No. 232 Main st.

Fred. Rammelsburg, Book-keeper for Jones & Rammelsburg, Cabinet Makers, No. 18 E. Fourth st.

S. S. Clark, Book-keeper for S. & S. S. Clark, Dealers in Coach, Saddle Hardware, Leather, &c., No. 189 Main street.

B. S. Seaudler, Book-keeper for Rogers & Brothers, Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, No. 1 Main st.

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Oct 21

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

'TIS FOUND AT LAST! A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION!!!! Seven Thousand Cases of obstinate pulmonary complaints cured in one year!

WISTAR'S BALSM OF WILD CHERRY. The great American remedy for Lung Complaints, and all affections of the Respiratory Organs.

We do not wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, and we do not wish to place our names on any assertions as to the virtues of this medicine, and to hold out no hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

We ask the attention of the candid to a few facts. Nature, in every part of her works, has left indelible marks of adaptation and design. The constitution of the human body is a masterpiece of the torrid, is such that they could not endure the cold of the frigid zone, and vice versa.

In regard to disease and its cure, the adaptation is not less striking. The *Moss of Iceland, the Wild Cherry, and Pine* of all northern latitudes (and Dr. Wistar's Balsam is a compound chemical extract from these) have long been celebrated in the medical profession as being in cold climates. Indeed, the most distinguished medical men have asserted that nature furnishes, in every country, antidotes for its own peculiar diseases.

Consumption in its confirmed and incipient stages, Coughs, Asthma, Croup and Liver Complaint, form by far the most fatal class of diseases known to our land. Yet even these may be cured by means of the simple and powerful remedies (named above) and which are scattered, by a beneficent providence, wherever these maladies prevail.

The case of Thomas Cozens of Haddonfield, N. J., is related by myself; and that all may know its entire truth, the statement is sworn to before a Justice of the Peace.

Haddonfield, N. J., April 20, 1843.

On or near the 12th day of December, 1841, I was taken with a violent pain in the side near the Liver, which continued for some days, and was followed by the breaking of an ulcer, or something inwardly, which relieved the pain a little, but caused me to throw up a great quantity of offensive matter, and so much blood, that I was nearly starved. I applied to a physician, but he said he thought he could do but little for me except give me some purgative pills, which I refused to take, feeling satisfied that they could do no good, and that my only remedy was then procured by my wife and friends, and none did me any good, and the discharge of blood and corruption still continued every few days, and at last became so offensive I could scarcely breathe.

I was also seized with a violent cough, which, at times, caused me to raise much more blood than I had done before, and my disease continued in this way, still growing worse, until February, when all hope of my recovery was given up, and my friends all thought I would die with a Gallbladder Consumption. At this moment when I was apparently drawing to my last day, I heard of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and got a bottle, which relieved me immediately, and by the use of only three bottles of this medicine, all my pain, torment, and suffering, and the spitting of blood and corruption entirely stopped, and in a few weeks my health was so far restored as to enable me to go to work at my trade,